

MARVEL



#4

LGY #167



SHE-HULK



**RAINBOW ROWELL
LUCA MARESCA
RICO RENZI**

Jennifer Walters was a shy attorney, good at her job and quiet in her life, when she was gunned down by criminals. A gamma-irradiated blood transfusion from her cousin, Dr. Bruce Banner, A.K.A. the Incredible Hulk, didn't just give her a second chance at life, but also super-strength and bulletproof green skin--and unbelievably gorgeous hair. She is the Sensational...

She- HULK

Previously...

Jennifer Walters--known to many as **SHE-HULK**--has left the Avengers and returned to lawyering. She now works for her old frenemy **MALLORY BOOK** and lives in her old penthouse apartment. In her free time, she helps civilians and blows off steam by brawling with her longtime rival, **TITANIA**.

Then someone unexpected crashed back into her life: friend and fellow Avenger **JACK OF HEARTS**. When the radiation that gave him his powers threatened to destroy him, Jack flew into space to protect his teammates. Jen thought he was dead--until he appeared on her doorstep with his powers greatly diminished and only patchwork memories of how he survived his one-way trip to space...

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Say it!
Say, "Titania
rules, and She-Hulk
drools." And
maybe I'll let
you up.

**MARY "SKEETER"
MacPHERRAN, TITANIA.**
Got her powers from Doctor Doom.
(Who pretty much immediately
forgot about her.) Jen's lunch date.



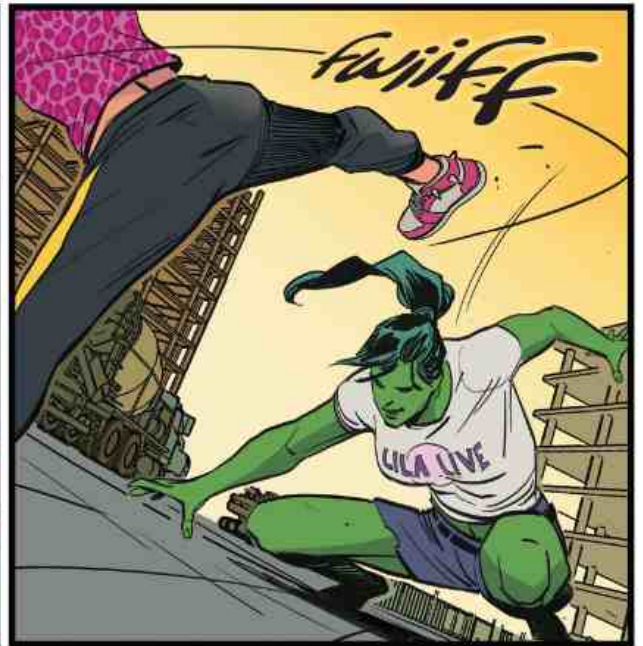
"Let"
me?



Keep your
guard up,
Skeeter!

**MARSHA ROSENBERG,
VOLCANA.**
Titania's best friend since forever.
Another Doomed-up tough lady.





AFTER SOME
EXPLAINING...

Geez,
I'm sorry,
Jenny. It really
looked like a
real fight.

And you
thought
I needed
help?

I was
offering
emotional support
more than
anything.

BEN GRIMM.
The ever-lovin'
blue-eyed Thing.
Jen's other lunch date.

I can't believe you
started a fight club
and didn't invite
me!

I'll fightcha,
Thingamabob.
Walters is afraid
of my lava.

I ain't
afraid of
yer lava.

Can
Crusher
come next
time?

Your old
man? Is he
out of the
joint?

IF we're going
to have a club, we
should get T-shirts--
ooooh, or
jackets!

It's a club,
Marsha. Not
a gang.

Let's save
this decision
for the next
meeting.

Thing and
I have actual
business to
discuss.





"About that--I may have sent a few people your way..."

Mallory you be back in 5 minutes

For the love of--
Everyone in my office! Pronto!

All of us? What about attorney-client privilege?

In the office! NOW!



You guys can't just show up like this--my boss doesn't want extra-human clients.

What about inhuman clients?

Has she seen you?

You're working for a bigot?!

Didn't Mallory Book make a name for herself representing every costumed bad guy in America?





Hey, Reed...
Can I talk
to you for a
second?

Of course,
Jennifer.



I was wondering
whether I could stop
by your lab and have
my gamma levels
checked.

You could...
but I could also
check them right
here.

**REED RICHARDS,
MR. FANTASTIC.**
World-class smarty-pants and Jen's
former teammate on the Fantastic Four.



You carry
a radiation
monitor?

Of course. When
your life has been
radically altered by
radiation, it's only
prudent.

I'm
surprised you
don't carry
one.



Everything seems in order. Your
gamma levels are at your normal high,
but you shouldn't be dangerous
to anyone else.

Are you
feeling all
right?

BEEP

Right as rain.
I just...like to hear that
everything's normal.

Normally
abnormal.



Keep it. For the
reassurance. I always
carry a spare.

Thanks,
Reed.



Give Sue a call--
she misses you.
And thanks for helping
with our custody case.
I was relieved to hear
you were practicing
again.

A FEW HOURS LATER,
IN A QUIETER CORNER
OF MANHATTAN...

**JONATHAN HART,
JACK OF HEARTS.**

Formerly lost in space.
Currently just *lost*.
Jen's houseguest.



Hi there.

Hello...

I'm sorry--
is this your
bench?

Jack,
it's me,
She-Hulk.



Jennifer!
I didn't
recognize--

Is something
wrong? Is it
your gamma
radiation?



I'm Fine--
don't worry!

I just thought maybe
I should be a little
more *discreet* tonight.
For our detective
work.



I'm not sure
it will matter--
I'm never very
discreet.

I know--
I've seen your
costume.

No
one around
here seems
to care...

Your eye
is smoking a
little bit.

It does
that.



I've been working on those lists you suggested. I borrowed one of your legal pads.



It's a start...



What about the other Avengers? Isn't there anyone else you trust?

I mean...I wasn't an Avenger for very long, and I spent half my days stuck in an isolation tank...

I could trust Ant-Man, I think? But he did hate me.

Yeah... Let's leave Scott out of this.*

*She's eventually going to have to tell Jack about Avengers Disassembled...



I've worked with the Surfer before, but I'm not sure that I trust him...

Yeah...I'd trust him to dog-sit. But I wouldn't, like, trust him not to serve Earth to Galactus...

That's it exactly.

You don't really Forge bonds of trust when you're drifting in outer space.



Everyone I met there was... pretty sketchy.









That's only moderately creepy.

I know. I'm sorry.

Were you thinking, "Jennifer, Jennifer-- must kill Jennifer!"?

Absolutely not.

No...

How about, "Must Fetch Jennifer for my extraterrestrial warlord!"?



I felt like I did that day when we were Avengers, and I was carrying you...

Like I needed to get you to help... Like I was responsible for you.



Maybe you were just Flashing back to another moment of extreme stress.



Perhaps.

I did remember one thing...

It probably won't be helpful-- it came back to me when I was working on my poem.

Your poem.

That night, when I woke up...

When you came back to life.



"I broke Free From...whatever it was, a tube made of metal and glass... And then I was out in the air.

"And I looked up, and there was a sign over my head. With verse...

"It's possible I hallucinated this. It sounds like a hallucination."

"What did the sign say?"



"Do you hear the clank of the muskets? In the midst of you?"



Jack! That wasn't a hallucination--

That's Brooklyn!

AFTER FORTY MINUTES ON THE F TRAIN, WHERE ALMOST NO ONE GAVE JACK A SECOND LOOK.

"In the midst of you." Not "around you." In the midst of you. What a lovely turn of phrase.

It's very nice. Does it bring anything back?

Well, it's very evocative. It's a Revolutionary War memorial, I think...

Does it bring anything back about that night?



Um... No. I'm sorry.



That's all right. Let's walk around and see if that jogs your memory.

We're right by my favorite bubble tea place.



Is everything okay? Did you remember more?

No. I just, um, I'm not used to this side of you.

My conscious mind knows it's you. But I still don't quite recognize you like this. I'm sorry.

That's all right. Sometimes I feel the same way.





I can change back--
if you feel better with
the old Green
Machine.



Don't change on
my account--why
would I have a
preference?



Besides.
I'm pretty sure
you're still the Green
Machine--I just took
your gamma
temperature.

It must
be nice having
two faces... Two
discrete
faces.

I mean,
not two faces at
the same time.
Like me.

Which is
only useful if
you're trying to trick
someone who's only
seen you before in
profile...



It's all right,
I suppose.

I mostly
prefer to
stay green...

You do?

Wouldn't
you?

I'm not
sure...



If you had two options, and one of them was taller, stronger, and nearly invulnerable-- which would you choose?

I like being able to walk down dark alleys by myself...

I like being able to reach things that are on the highest shelf...

I like the way people have to tilt their heads a little bit to talk to me.

It's a very good feeling...

I see your point.

Though, at the moment, I'm reveling in my own *personal* vulnerability... which has allowed me to wear sweaters and drink--What is this called again?

Bubble tea.

I like it.

Better put it in your poem. What rhymes with "bubble tea"?

My poetry doesn't have to rhyme, Jennifer.

Are you sure you can call it poetry, then?

I know I'm greatly diminished right now, that someone--likely someone malicious--has drained my power or injured me.

But what will we do if we find them?

Ask them to give my power back? I don't want it back.





JACK OF
HEARTS!

I FOUND
YOU!

TO BE
CONTINUED!

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